

March '22

THE Old Line



WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

THE name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She's blonde. She's pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but—

She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records at Randolph and Pensacola of the men who learned to fly from Peggy show she's doing a man-sized job of it. She's turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: "It's always Camels with me—they're milder."

FLYING INSTRUCTOR
PEGGY LENNOX SAYS:

"THIS IS THE
CIGARETTE FOR ME.
EXTRA MILD—
AND THERE'S
SOMETHING SO
CHEERING ABOUT
CAMEL'S
**GRAND
FLAVOR"**



• "Extra mild," says Peggy Lennox. "Less nicotine in the smoke," adds the student, as they talk it over—over Camels in the pilot room above.

Yes, there *is* less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels . . . extramildness...but that alone doesn't

tell you why, with smokers in the service . . . in private life, as well . . . Camels are preferred.

No, there's something else...something *more*. Call it flavor, call it pleasure, call it what you will, you'll find it only in Camels. You'll *like* it!



Don't let those eyes and that smile fool you. When this young lady starts talking airplanes—and what it takes to fly 'em—brother, you'd listen, too . . . just like these students above.



She may call you by your first name now and then, but when she calls you up for that final "check flight," you'd better know your loops inside and out. It's *strictly regulation* with her.



Yes, and with Instructor Peggy Lennox, it's *strictly* Camels, too. "Mildness is a rule with me," she explains. "That means slower-burning Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke."

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of *the smoke itself*!

CAMEL—THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS



• BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5
EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

And Spring Came Just The Same



Even with battle, death, and doubt,
Spring comes, undaunted in her pride.
Guns cannot make the flowers hide;
War cannot black the sunshine out.

A bomb exploding leaves its trace
Of ruin in the frightened town,
And then a swallow flutters down
And sings above the wretched place.

—Cecil Martin

*The PEN made for the INK
—the INK made for the PEN!*

Parker "51"

A pen made for the "high velocity" ink—a "high velocity" ink made for the pen.

A pen that starts in a split-second—an ink that dries as you write—a combination that writes with pencil-like ease.

Yet a pen that can handle ANY writing ink to perfection.

Watch this miracle perform with
your own eyes, in your own hand at:

**ALBRECHT'S
PHARMACY**
COLLEGE PARK

LOOK FOR THE APRIL
ISSUE OF

THE OLD LINE

OUT SOME TIME
IN APRIL

Compliments of

WARD RADIO

SILVER SPRING SHOPPING CENTER

MOST COMPLETE RECORD STOCK
in Montgomery or Prince Georges County

Victor - Bluebird - Decca - Okeh - Columbia

SHEPHERD 2299



Along t

A middle-aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a window into a garbage can.

A passing Chinese remarked, "Amelicans velly wasteful. That woman good for ten years yet."

A colored preacher discovered at the close of his sermon that one of his deacons was asleep. He said, "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead?"

Deacon Brown sleepily replied, "Lead, hell, I just dealt."

First nut in darkroom of insane asylum: "I bet you can't climb up that beam of light."

Second nut in darkroom of insane asylum: "You think I'm crazy? I'd get halfway up and you'd turn off the light."

"Little boy, why aren't you in school?"

"Hell, lady, I ain't but three years old!"

Editor: "Did you ever write anything before?"

Authoress: "Oh, yes, I wrote a confession story once."

Editor: "Did the editor send it back?"

Authoress: "No: he came all the way from New York to California to meet me."

he line



“Well, just a short one. I’ve got studying to do tonight.”

●

A man somewhat under the influence of good cheer attempted to pass through the revolving doors of a department store in Detroit. Each time he entered he made the complete round and found himself in the street again. After several unsuccessful attempts, he sat down on the side-walk to work things out. A moment later a young man walked rapidly up the street and went in, and when the door went around, a young lady came out. The inebriate was puzzled. “What gets me,” he remarked, “is what the devil did he do with his other clothes?”

●

ROOSEVELT TO ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS IN SPEECH TONIGHT

—Headline in the *New London Day*

For several weeks now I have been troubled by a dry, itching scalp. . . .

—*Lampoon*

●

“Hey, where’s that chicken I ordered an hour ago?”

“It’ll be along soon, sir—the cook hasn’t killed it yet, but she’s getting in some nasty blows.”

MORALE *Builders!*

Our new spring styles have arrived.

Breslau creations will keep your morale and his on the highest level.

Before he comes home from camp again, drop in at

Breslau
The friendly Shop

617 12th STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON

Gravity was discovered by Isaac Newton. It is chiefly noticeable in the autumn, when the apples are falling off the trees.

●

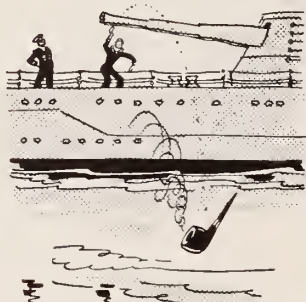
POEM

Little Miss Muffet,
Decided to rough it,
In a cabin quite old and medieval,
A rounder espied her
And plied her with cider,
And now he’s the forest’s prime
evil.



SAILOR SMEDLEY'S PIPE WAS DEADLY

but he's out of the dog house now!



"SMELLS LIKE A DEAD WHALE!" roared the Captain. "Heave it overboard! The Navy likes mild and fragrant tobacco for pipes. Try Sir Walter Raleigh."



NO, SMEDLEY DIDN'T get to be an Admiral, but he won a grin of approval from the Captain by switching to this mildest, mellow blend of finest burleys. Try a tin!

**KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE
WITH SIR WALTER**

This NEW Cellophane tape seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



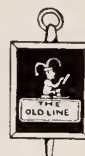
UNION
MADE

Tune in **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE**
Every Friday night—NBC Red Network
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience

THE Old Line

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

Founded 1930



MARCH, 1942

Volume 11, No. 56



• Short Stories

GOING BACK TO WILMA	Bar Allan Young	6
MARRIAGE PROPOSAL	Eric Lynch	8
THE SECRET LIFE OF JOE TERP		16

• Articles

TRIPLE TRACK TRIUMPH	Rosalie Lyon	14
MANAGER OF OFFICER PRODUCTION	Ann Paterson	18
UP FROM NEW ORLEANS	Bill Gottlieb	20

• Fantasia

MEN ON THE HILL		10
AMERICANA		13
IN THESE STRIDENT TIMES	E. H. North, Jr.	25

• Special Features

SPRING STYLES		17
---------------	--	----

• Verse

AND SPRING CAME JUST THE SAME	Cecil Martin	1
TREES AND THE WIND	Frances Respass	5

• Departments

ALONG THE LINE		2
THE NEW LINE		7

TREES AND THE WIND

*As I walk in the country,
I can see trees happy in the woods,
Their green faces wrinkled with laughter
As the gay wind sings its tune.
Here there are tall trees,
With saplings nestling at their roots.
Shading me from radiant sun.
It falls in myriad hues—
Patterns of dark and gay-bright,
Cool green and sun-yellow and brown.*

*The wind asks the trees as partner
For its dance under the blue smoke sky.
It whirls around in modern swing
While the trees sway and join in
And toss back tousled hair.*

*When gayety is gone,
Then comes the storm, whipping the trees,
Tearing their arms loose, blowing their leaves.
But after the wild anger is done,
'Though beaten, the trees stand unafraid.
What if one tree is lost in the storm,
Blown now to destruction?
Where it rose grows again its new youth,
Young saplings, a new generation.
The wind soon flirts with the newcomer.*

*Trees and the wind—trees peaceful,
Pliable yet strong;
Wind, agonizing, whispering,
Frightening, here, then gone like a sigh;
Yet returning to moan or to laugh,
To caress the green branches so soft,
So willing and bending. But tree-trunks,
Brown and firm, remain
When the wind has run off.
Seeking excitement, then tiring,
The erratic wind shall return,
Always finding trees still waiting
With a strange, heavenly quiet.*

*How mannish is the wind,
How like woman the trees.*

FRANCES RESPESS.

This poem received honorable mention in the recent contest conducted annually by the Washington branch of the American Association of University Women.



A sweater girl named Helen Falk
Thrilled seniors, sophs, and shavers;
That is, till she began to talk—
She didn't use LIFE SAVERS!

MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath after eating, drinking and smoking.

Wisecrack Yourself a Free Box of Lifesavers

Now your pet wisecracks can get you more than a grin. Here's a prize contest where your funny bone can tickle your sweet tooth.

Send us your best laugh-maker. An attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors will be awarded for the best joke submitted each month by one of the students.

Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any joke submitted is reserved. All Editor's decisions are final.

How about that wisecrack you like to pull. Win a sweet prize with it.

THIS MONTH'S WINNER:

FRED JACKSON

Curious Old Lady: "I see that you've lost your leg. haven't you?"

Cripple: "Well damned if I haven't."

GOING BACK TO WILMA

In this case he happened to be a psychoanalyst—he might have been most anything

By Bar Allan Young

HIGH ABOVE THE ROOFS OF THE CITY, the office was bright with the light of the afternoon sun. It was almost sparsely furnished, but in the best of taste. Stuart's first thought as he looked at the man who rose from behind the desk to greet him was that the man looked exactly as he might have expected a competent psychoanalyst to look. Not the kind some people might imagine, with thick glasses and a distorted leer and more than slightly unbalanced himself, but the ordinary commercial kind who make very much money on over-rich neurotic women.

He was above average height, a well-built man of middle-age with twinkling blue eyes that looked straight at you. He was a highly successful business man of almost any type. He happened in this case to be a psychoanalyst.

"Sit down, Mr. Stuart," the psychoanalyst said, offering him a chair, and setting himself behind the broad desk. "Tell me about yourself—the more the better."

Stuart shuddered at the saccharine, reassuring tones in the man's voice. He glanced up at the inquiring blue eyes and looked quickly away. Damn it, he thought, he's probably one of them. I want to get away from them; why in God's name did I come?

"My wife is crazy," Stuart said, "so she asked me to see a psychoanalyst. She asked me to come, so I did. It's a sort of last tribute to our enduring each other's company for so long."

"I don't exactly follow you, Mr. Stuart," the psychoanalyst said. "If you believe your wife to be—"

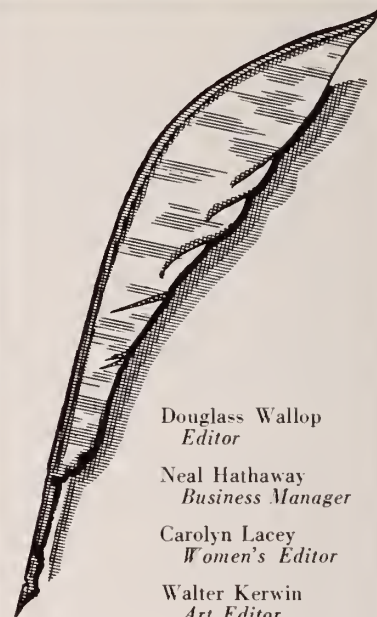
Stuart made an impatient gesture. "No—she's not crazy. I suppose, though she is in a way, because she lives in a world not entirely co-existent with the actual world. She thinks I'm the one who's crazy. She told me to see a competent doctor before I leave her and everyone for good. I suppose you're competent?"

The psychoanalyst smiled faintly. "Just what did your wife say?"

STUART PUSHED HIS CHAIR BACK with a sudden motion and strode to the broad window that reached nearly to the floor. Far below the building he could see the towering lesser giants of the city and further below still the narrow, crowded streets of the city, cleaved in dark angular chasms between the buildings. For a moment he seemed almost to be standing in the sky, holding the tiny strings that led to each of the lives down there. It made him feel like one of *them*.

"She said in a voice much colder than that she uses when her Pekinese has the sniffles, 'darling, you've let yourself get into terrible condition, and I do wish you'd see a doctor before you decide to leave'." Stuart

(Please turn to page 26)



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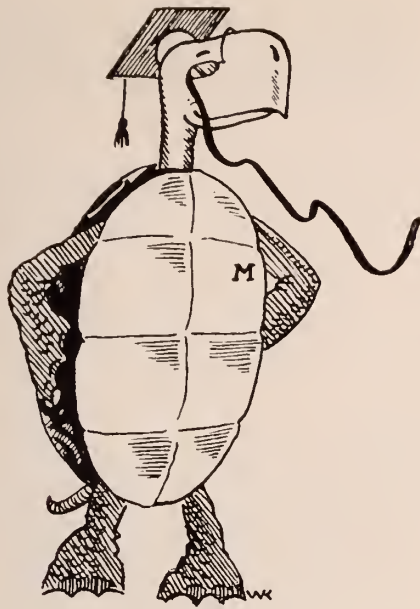
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The New Line

IN THIS AND THE next two issues, we are featuring re-prints of the cartoons that we feel are the best that have appeared in other college magazines during the year.

NATIONAL STRIFE

THE TURTLE HID HIMSELF behind the bushes and peeked through. It was an unusual sight on campus, he decided. All those boys in uniforms marching up and down in front of the big brick building where they had all the dances. Many of these boys he had seen around school, but they didn't look like themselves now. Although he couldn't decide just who it was they looked like.

They looked grim and determined. They had pistols in holsters on their hips, and their jaws jutted out as they methodically paced back and forth in front of the building.

The boys in uniform didn't see the little freshman come down the path. His actions were very peculiar, the Turtle decided. He ran a few steps and then ducked behind trees and bushes. Then he would run some more, ducking behind trees and bushes. Then he would run some more, ducking and bobbing his way down the path. He wore a rat cap and horn rimmed glasses—he looked just like the typical freshman that the Turtle had seen in cartoons.

The guard was walking in the opposite direction when the freshman decided to make a break for it. He darted up the steps two at a time, and the Turtle thought for a second that he was going to make it. But the guard turned just as he got to the front door. Fixing his bayonet, he ran up the steps after him, blowing his whistle for help. Other guards came, and they all set upon the freshman. Two of them took his hands and two of them took his feet. Then they dragged him, kicking and screaming, to the drill field across the road.

The Turtle heard him scream in a shrill voice, "Let me go. I didn't mean any harm. I just wanted to borrow a baseball and bat. *Please* let me go." But the guards didn't pay any attention to him. They just carried him across the road. Then they bound his hands behind him and stood him up with his back to the big tree.

One of the guards was evidently the head guard. He took out his saber and brandished it around and lined up the other guards about twenty-five paces from the tree where the freshman was standing. These lesser guards all had rifles in their hands. Then the Turtle heard the head guard reading from a piece of paper. He couldn't make out all that he was saying—he just caught fragments. "—caught trying to break into the gym-armory—usual punishment."

The little freshman sobbed, "I only wanted to borrow a baseball and bat." The head guard blew his whistle.

The Turtle couldn't stand to watch it. He put his scaly paws over his eyes. He heard the reports—three volleys. When he looked, the rifles were smoking, and the little freshman had slumped to the ground.

MARRIAGE

MOST PEOPLE would be shocked at the story behind how Everett Hudlin happened to get married. But then not many people know the true story. Everett always kept things pretty much to himself.

The men at the advertising agency where Everett worked called him "the Eagle Scout." He *was* a model young man. He



PROPOSAL

Everett hated girls—didn't have a date his entire four years in college. He was going to be a Success, he said.

By Eric Lynch

didn't drink, didn't smoke, and usually said darn or daggone instead of damn. Furthermore, he was very ambitious and had a brilliant mind. In short, he was Sir Galahad reincarnated.

Everett had graduated from college when he was only twenty years old—Phi Beta Kappa, athlete, blond hair, and crew hair cut. In spite of his righteousness, he was popular among the students, especially the girls. They thought he was handsome. Besides, he was unattainable. One by one, all the campus sex-wagons and sorority queens set out to get him. But none of them made any progress. He didn't like girls—didn't have a date his entire four years at college. He was going to be a Success, he said, and girls were bad influences. And he didn't like them anyway.

In his senior year, Everett's aversion to girls had become well known; and one night his fraternity brothers decided to have a little fun with him, in spite of the fact that they should have known that Everett wasn't the kind that you had fun with—especially the kind of fun they devised. Naturally it concerned a girl—the sister of one of the brothers. They got her to help them have fun with Everett.

On this particular night, Everett had been studying late at the library. He put on his pajamas in his room as usual and then went upstairs to the dormitory. It was dark, and he had to grope his way to his bed. He pulled back the covers and got in. Then he jumped out.

"Damn you guys," he said. It was the first time anybody had ever heard him say damn. The girl got out of his bed and ran downstairs. He never spoke

to her again, and for a month he threatened to resign from the fraternity.

After graduation Everett got a job with a large advertising agency downtown and started on his way to Success. Of course he worked very diligently, of course he made a deep impression on the higher-ups of the company, and of course they started grooming him to be president some day.

AND ONE DAY EVERETT MET ANNE. It was on a Saturday afternoon, and he had gone to the public library just to browse. She was sitting across the table from him reading a book with *Doctrines of Plato* emblazoned on the cover. Now Everett thought that Plato was the closest thing to divinity ever put on earth, so he was immediately impressed.

He looked at the cover and said, "Isn't that Plato your're reading?"

"Yes, it is," she answered.

"I thought it was," he said.

This girl wasn't like other girls, Everett decided. They started going together.

Anne *wasn't* like other girls. She was extremely intelligent. Besides that, she was a wonderful companion and very pretty, but pretty without an Accent on Sex. She was a lovely girl. "Fragrantly intelligent," Everett called her.

They saw each other frequently. They went to concerts and literary discussions and saw all the good plays and one summer took a trip across the country together. Whatever they did always seemed to be something worthwhile.

It was particularly fitting that Anne should have been reading Plato when Everett first saw her. Their relationship was as platonic as any relationship could be. He never had kissed her and never had thought about wanting to kiss her. There *was* a time when

(Please turn to page 31)

Anne was very pretty in an unusual way.

"Fragrantly intelligent," Everett called her.

MEN ON THE HILL



CLUB MAN



ACTIVITIES MAN

WE KNOW THAT ANYBODY WHO HAS DONE any thinking at all has thought about the fellows on this hill of ours. And we know that you are probably perplexed. And befuddled. And in a quandary. And that's a nowhere situation if ever one existed. So we decided to meet this problem Face to Face and get you girls on the hill an organized analysis of Maryland men.

We went through hell and high water and did all sorts of things to get on intimate terms with all the kinds of fellows there are. We stowed away in a tool chest and got the lowdown on a daydodger's secret life. And one night we hid behind the mystic curtains at a fraternity meeting so as to learn all about clubs. Then there was the time that we put on R.O.T.C. caps and marched along with the platoons. The result is that we know about Men. So now you girls can stop depending on your dorm mothers. Just put a copy of the Old Line on your charm bracelet, as they would say in the Diamond-back, and refer to it instead. The charm bracelet, that is.

First we inspected the daydodgers, and don't think they aren't hell! Every morning they herd together and set out for Maryland U. in their cars trimmed with foxtails and terrapin stickers and their little parking lot tags. They just love to race each other to school and lean out the window and jeer at all the cars they pass. They sing songs of the road and yell Daydodger Club cheers.

Every afternoon they gang up in front of the library. While they wait for their rides home, they are all the time playing practical jokes on one another. And when they get tired, they lean up against the columns and goof at the daydodger girls. This is the time for a girl daydodger who has any ambition on the hill to start trapping. A sure way to make a hit is to run up and snatch away a fellow's bookbag. This will start a good old rough and tumble and eventually lead up to a date for the big Spring Formal, held in the gym-armory with recorded music and guessing games. A daydodger fellow is a sure bet to show any girl a good time. He knows all the foxtrots and is a regular clown when it comes to puns.

It is easy to tell the daydodger fellow who drives a car from the one who is a passenger. The passenger is fat and happy as opposed to the driver, who is thin and haggard. The owner spends most of his time brooding over the tires and axles. He is so worried over the rubber shortage that he often wakes up at night screaming, "What on earth is going to happen to my tires with the war and all?"

The daydodger has a complex from being constantly pursued by

--A CLASSIFICATION

SKETCHES BY BILL MANN

dangerous Dan, the Police Man, who once caught him parking on the roof of the Horticultural Building at 8:10 in the morning. Also by Miss Gross, who was very much dragged when he parked in the dormitory beau parlor one night. And that ends the daydodgers.

THE ATHLETES LIVE in the Coliseum and have jobs. They slump around the campus wearing dirty sweaters with not so dirty white shirts open at the neck to show the hair on their chest. They date cakes who work in drugstores for obvious purposes, while all the time they have steady girls at home. They lead very licentious lives.

Between classes, they congregate against the walls in the halls and have a merry time pounding on each other's arms and stomachs and hollering and screaming and whistling between their fingers at the girls who pass by.

When the season for their Own Sport comes around, they become good boys and develop the all-for-the-team attitude. During this time, they have little time for girls, so if you want an athlete, (and who doesn't these days?) it is best to trap him off-season.

Many of the athletes have become army-crazy. They know the girls love to see them in their officers' uniforms, and don't you think they don't like to wear them! Every morning they make one of their club's pledges play reveille on the bugle, just so they'll start getting atmosphere. At club meetings, they stand up and make long speeches about morale, patriotism, and kindred jazz. Their main ambition, outside of scoring the winning touchdown, is to get three Japs on one bayonet.

All business is the activity fellow's story. He has the Interests of the Campus at Heart and is constantly instigating drives to clean up the campus and to make it an even better place for the kids on the hill to live. He goes around picking up chewing gum wrappers and Terp Bar sticks. He loves just everybody and can be heard all over the administration building slapping backs and calling people funny, funny names. Then he dashes off to eight or ten meetings and comes back and entertains the people in the hall on their way to their post office boxes. He's hell from the word go.

This particular activities fellow dates girls for political reasons. He is first to find out who the next Beauty Queen will be and dates her up months before any of the other fellows on the hill have a chance. He would much rather die than miss a dance-on-the-hill, but at them he spends most of his time running off somewhere to



I BUY MY CLOTHES
ON 7th STREET



SMOOTH TYPE



ATHALEET
ON THE HILL

discuss an important matter with some other not-quite-so-important fellow of his own calibre. This would seem to be a drag for his date, but she is happy just being out with him. Of course.

AND NATURALLY THERE is the fraternity man. He dresses like Princeton and Yale and wears a pin eighteen inches by eighteen inches. He has the club initials stuck on every window in his car so that there will be as little doubt as possible that he is indeed a Greek on the Hill. Which he is. He is very glad indeed that he is a fraternity man, because he knows that it has Brought Him Out. It has improved his personality. He's not self-conscious any longer like he used to be in Salisbury. He's got more poise and savoir faire. He can talk to *anybody*. He has developed breezy conversation. "Wanna-see-alla-you-fellows-downa-house-tonight---big-radio-dance," he says.

During rush week he is very hap-

py and indeed useful to his club. He goes around with a little notebook signing up rushees for dinner dates as well as lunch dates. After dinner (or lunch) he shows the rushees all the club trophies and medals which were won because his club was outstanding in intramural athletics and was better than all the other clubs. The peculiar thing is that *all* clubs seem to have them. Which might cause deep speculation.

At Mother's Day dinners he's right in there, introducing all the mothers, often eight times to the same person, and making all the mothers very happy that their son is a club man. At fraternity parties he leaves his date in a corner and goes around clubbing everybody between the shoulder blades just in order that everyone at the party might have one SWELL time.

Then there is the I-buy-my-clothes-on-Seventh-Street type. Members of this type take hours to get dressed because their pants are so pegged that they have to cut them to get their feet in them; then of course they must sew them up. They wear knee length coats with slashed pockets and favor the high waist line. Their hair droops down from their broad brimmed hats, fringes their collars and curls around their ears. Their complexions are sallow from living in places like Joe Burko's. A true cat seldom goes to classes.

They have a language all their own which they pick up while digging bands. Every known band is classified as "liard" or "nowhere." They are on intimate terms with musicians, burlesque queens, bartenders, and marihuana moguls. Clearly, their only interests in life are jazz, clothes, sex, and their automobiles. They are contemptuous of anyone who isn't hep, and in turn are generally frowned on by the campus.

If there is one thing a cat hates, it's girls with character. This particular type of fellow often has been seen spitting at girls in saddle shoes. Their ideal girl has curves, long hair that drags over her face while she jitterbugs, wears short skirts and spike heels. Cats find their ideal cake at the mecca of all jazzdom—the Cairo Hotel on Sunday afternoons. Their ambition is to find a cake of the Washington jazz calibre on the Maryland campus. At times they get desperate and have a date with a college girl who looks as if she might have potentialities. Invariably this ends up with the cat being dragged because the girl won't cooperate on the hill. So then he takes out his venom by screaming dirty things at her in jazz language which she can't understand.

THERE IS ALSO the Smooth type, alternatively known as the I'm Hell With the Girls on the Hill type. These fellows wear suits to classes and smooth their curly locks with sweet smelling goo. When they cut

(Please turn to page 28)



DAY DODGER

By Fred Tompkins

AMERICANA

I WATCHED HER SITTING THERE on the floor, her taffy-colored pig-tails falling over her shoulders, and her tiny hands turning the pages of her Mother Goose book. She was a darling little girl. Little Sarah. All our friends often remarked that she was the most attractive child they had ever seen. . . .

But suddenly something was hammering in the back of my brain, and an insistent voice kept saying, "Is that *really* little Sarah sitting there? Hell no it isn't. Look again."

I looked and realized that I had been wrong. It wasn't Little Sarah at all, but instead a lovely debutante in a strapless evening gown, standing at the head of a long receiving line. A coming out party, and the debutante was Big Sarah.

But something was wrong with her. She was ill at ease, and as I looked I realized that the reason was that she was afraid to smile. The young social moguls all flashed sparkling smiles at her as they went through the receiving line, but Sarah could only stand there with grim face and hidden teeth. A particularly handsome young man was approaching Sarah. I was beside myself. "Smile, Sarah, smile!" I whispered agitatedly in her ear.

I realized immediately that I was a horrible mother. The poor girl *did* smile. She dropped her lower jaw, let a light come into her eyes, and drew back her teeth from her lips. The young man stood back aghast. Sarah's teeth were yellow, like tusks. Sarah kept on smiling.

A crowd gathered. Presently blood began to gush from her gums and down her chin. A voice in the crowd said, "Pink toothbrush!" Others picked it up and swiftly it went around the room, growing in volume, "Sarah has pink toothbrush."

Sarah could stand it no longer. With a cry of anguish she bolted from the room and ran screaming up the stairs.

. . . The hammering in my brain ceased. Again little Sarah was sitting on the floor in front of me. My brow was damp with sweat. I sighed a sigh of deep relief. What unbelievable luck to have had the vision while there was yet time.

I moved swiftly. I took Little Sarah up to the bathroom, put her toothbrush in her hand, and squirted onto it an inch-long squirt of my favorite toothpaste. She spurned it at first, but I twisted her arm behind her back.

Every morning for two years now we have gone through the same routine, until I no longer have to twist her arm very hard. She's getting the habit now. And I'm glad, because I'm sure that Little Sarah is never going to have pink toothbrush.



TRIPLE TRACK

Great moments in Maryland sports—
The Penn Relay Carnival, Spring, 1942.

BY ROSALIE LYON

FACES CONTORTED, JIM KEHOE and Les MacMitchell moved around the turn and pounded into the stretch. Matching stride for stride, they ran as one person, and it appeared that it would be a sure dead heat. Ten yards from the tape, Kehoe inched ahead enough to let a sliver of light separate their bodies, and in another stride the tape across his chest. Somebody's voice blared through the public address system. Maryland had just won its third Penn Relay Championship in two days.

Spring is here, and track has again moved into the sports picture. The 1942 edition of the Terp track team is circling the cinder paths in preparation for the outdoor meets. Maryland has had many big moments in track, but undoubtedly the biggest is that much heralded triple win in the Penn Relays.

There was a story behind that triumph. One day in May several years ago, six boys still in high school were competing in the same state track meet. They were all good runners and all about the same age. They thought about going to college, but the Penn Relays were a long way from their minds.

All six of these boys went to the University of Maryland. They all went out for track. They worked

and trained together, and the Penn Relays became a definite possibility.

In April, 1940, their chance came. Coach Geary Eppley mailed in an entry blank to the University of Pennsylvania with six names on it—Alan Miller, Gene Ochsenreiter, Tommy Fields, Jim Kehoe, Bob Condon, and Mason Chronister.

Friday, April 26, 1940, when Coach Eppley and his six trackmen arrived at Franklin Field in Philadelphia, they were hardly noticed. Maryland wasn't considered very strong. They had won only one championship in fifty years—in 1935, when Bob Archer, Earl Widmyer, Warren Evans and Coleman Headley brought home the sprint medley championship.

Now they were a dark horse entry at best. As the boys warmed up on the track, a few half-hearted words of encouragement drifted to them from a handful of Maryland rooters in the stands. Around them were the colors of the greatest track teams in the country—New York University, Manhattan, Indiana,

Notre Dame, Georgetown, Fordham, Ohio State.

AT 2:45, FOUR TERPS lined up for the distance medley relay. At the crack of the starting gun, Alan Miller was off on the first lap. He circled the quarter-mile track well ahead of the field and when he passed the baton to Kehoe, Maryland had a good lead. Jim ran the half mile, and when he finished, Maryland's lead was about the same. Tommy Fields was running the three-quarter, and he opened up a gap wide enough to give the Terps an almost prohibitive lead when Mason Chronister took the baton to start the last mile. Chronister hit the tape almost a hundred yards ahead of highly favored NYU and Indiana. "Maryland My Maryland" came from the band, and the time was announced—ten minutes and twelve and five-tenths seconds. That was the first one.

Saturday afternoon the Maryland team attracted considerably more attention than it had the previous day. But still most of the spec-

TRIUMPH

tators felt that they had won their one race for the meet and that they wouldn't be heard from again.

The team got ready for the grueling four mile relay. Tommy Fields ran the first mile, and he started it

off by taking an early lead which was never lost. Bob Condon, Jim Kehoe, and Mason Chronister followed him and when it was over the Terps had their second big victory. The winning time was seven-

teen minutes, forty-four and eight-tenths seconds. Second place went to Manhattan, and NYU was pulled back to third by the slow anchor lap of the now invincible Les Mac-Mitchell.

Half an hour later came the two mile relay, and two of Maryland's four representatives were running with only thirty minutes rest. Jim Kehoe and Mason Chronister both pulled the iron man act; the other two Terp half-milers were Alan Miller and Gene Ochsenreiter.

NYU really opened up in this race, and Kehoe and MacMitchell, who ran the anchor, struggled right up to the final ten yards before it was decided. But Maryland was not to be denied. The time was seven minutes, forty-eight and four-tenths seconds—just a few seconds

(Please turn to page 33)



TOMMY FIELDS, GENE OCHSENREITER, JIM KEHOE, MASON CHRONISTER,
ALAN MILLER, BOB CONDON

The Secret Life Of

JOSEPH TERP

AS HE DASHED DOWN THE STEPS, Terp could hear the torpedo zooming through the water, and when he reached the lower deck the force of the explosion hurled him flat on his face. He picked himself up and ran the rest of the way to his cabin. All he wanted to save was the picture of his mother. He got it and stuffed it inside his shirt; then he ran back up on deck.

The captain had been killed by the explosion, and all was confusion. Passengers and crew were running across the deck in panic. Standing on a chair, the second mate was bellowing through a megaphone. Life boats were being launched, and the passengers were jostling one another for seats. As Terp watched, he saw a burly, hairy looking man push an old lady aside and jump for her seat. Terp grabbed him by his collar and roughly hoisted him from the boat. "Women and children first," he said sternly. "All right, madam, you take that seat," he told the old lady. "Oh, thank you, Mr. Terp," she said looking at him in adoration.

Terp realized now that there was only one person on the ship who might bring some order out of the panic. Quickly he ran over and jumped up on the bridge. "All right, pay attention here," he said in a deep authoritative voice. The noise died down. People stopped running around. "Now listen," he said, "we're in very real danger, but you've all got to keep cool. Listen carefully and do just what I tell you, and we'll all get away safely."

Things went a good deal more smoothly after that. The men all helped the women and children get in the life boats; Terp saw no more acts of cowardice. One by one the little boats splashed into the sea. And through it all the domineering figure on the bridge stood with determined jaw, his arms folded across his chest, his black hair blowing in the wind. Here and there he gave an order, and occasionally a word of encouragement.

The ship was settling fast now; water was already lapping over the deck. The last life boat was being lowered. Every person was safely off the ship. Terp had seen them all safely through the danger. He knew that it was now his duty to make sure that the little fleet of life boats was piloted safely to shore. He took his place in the stern and the last boat went over the side.

They had gotten only a few hundred feet from the ship when a girl with long brown hair appeared on deck. Terp spied her and swore softly. It was the girl that he had been watching and admiring during the whole voyage. She was the most gorgeous girl he had seen. She stood by the rail and lifted a hand in a helpless little wave.

(Please turn to page 34)



SPRING STYLES

As portrayed by Mary Jane Dawson and her car. Mary Jane wears an attractive luggage and white print dress under a natural color linen fitted full length coat. Two breast pockets and two hip pockets complete this lovely costume suit. This is only one of the many new spring ensembles now on display at BRESLAU'S, the *Friendly Shop*. (See page 3.)

MANAGER OF OFFICER

Another in a series of articles about
faculty and administration members



COLONEL ROBERT E. WYSOR, JR.

SUPERIOR OFFICERS ARE ACCUSTOMED to being respected. When a young American captain gave orders during the first World War that no one was to come into his kitchen, he expected to be obeyed. One day he returned to his quarters and found a soldier digging into his groceries.

"What are you doing in there?" he asked sternly.

"Getting something to eat," was the laconic reply. The intruder was a large, fat private, fairly bursting out of his uniform.

"If you don't get out of here, I'm going to kick you from here to the front line," snapped the enraged young officer.

Slowly the fat private turned around. The captain's face dropped a few feet. Looking at him was his commanding officer. He was inspecting the lines in a private's uniform!

The captain who was the victim of this embarrassing situation is Robert E. Wysor, Jr., now a colonel and the head of the military department at the University of Maryland.

Colonel Wysor decided to make the army his career as a result of his training at Virginia Military Institute. "The purpose of my schooling was not to prepare me to be an expert in killing people," the Colonel explained, "but to teach me to work with and direct men."

The Colonel seems likely to serve in the second World War as well as the first. Just recently he received notice from the War Department that he will be removed from his present position at Maryland. He is not sure of the exact date.

His personal appearance is evidence of the success he has made of his work. He stands tall and straight. The leather on his uniform is satin smooth and the buttons shine. On his broad shoulders gleams the emblem of a colonel—the silver eagle. His complexion has a healthy, ruddy tint and his blue eyes show a merry twinkle.

COLONEL WYSOR FEELS THAT PSYCHOLOGY plays a very important part in the army. "In my experience in dealing with soldiers," he remarked. "I have found that the psychological element is of great importance. Few army officers realize they are psychologists, even though they practice psychology every hour of the day. For example, two men may come before me to answer for the same offense, but because two different personalities are involved, their punishment must not be the same.

"Sometimes we must consider the psychological angle not only for the betterment of the individual soldier, but for the advantage of the army as a whole. This was the case on one occasion in 1914 when I was serving overseas." He frowned as he recollected. "There was a man in my company who could have easily been allowed to waste away in the guard house for the duration of the war. He was terrible. Be-

PRODUCTION

By Ann Paterson

hind the lines, I had to tie him up to keep him out of mischief. But when he was at the battle front with his own squad of men, I promoted him. In action, he was the best officer we had."

Colonel Wysor went to France as a Second Lieutenant and came back a Captain. He fought in the Battles of Saint Michael, the Argonne and the Marne. He got through with injuries to nothing more than his feelings.

"And as for my feelings, an army officer does not have much time to consider the whys and wherefores," he said with a shrug of his shoulders. "A good soldier is so busy doing his duty that he doesn't have much opportunity to think about it.

"But on the morning when I was to participate in actual combat for the very first time, something happened which would make anyone stop and wonder." He paused and looked out the window at the empty drill field. "I had made all the necessary preparations and was sitting in the trench waiting for five o'clock, when the attack was to begin. My watch told me it was ten minutes before five when I first looked at it. It was a rather costly watch, a gift. I watched the minutes creep by. At exactly five o'clock the shelling started, and the watch stopped. It has never run since."

Not only was the experience of taking part in a real war new to the Americans, but the customs of the country in which they were fighting were a constant source of amazement to them. The average boy from the average small town found it hard to become accustomed to the outspoken French. One afternoon the Colonel and his commanding officer were having tea with a very high-spirited old French lady. In the course of the tea-table talk, an ancient legend of the town was told. It centered around the fact that a bride in medieval days was always compelled to spend her wedding night at the home of the mayor. At this point in the conversation, the old lady turned

to the Colonel. Playfully placing her hand over his, she said, "Ah, Monsieur, and how would you like to be mayor of Chicago?"

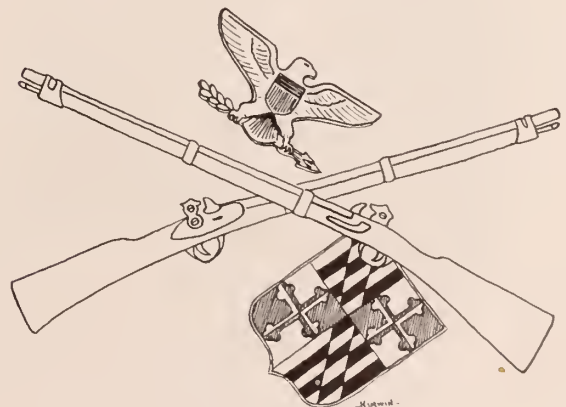
After the Armistice, Colonel Wysor stayed abroad for several months. "I took my post graduate course in French in the various night clubs and cafes," he told us confidentially, his face breaking into a grin. "Shortly afterward, I obtained my social Ph. D. in London and found the study most delightful and quite entertaining."

UPON HIS RETURN to the United States, he became interested in R.O.T.C. work. While in Colorado, he received a letter from Washington telling him that he would probably never be sent east again and certainly never get another detail. But ten days later he received an order to report to the University of Maryland. 1942 marks his fifteenth year with the R.O.T.C., a record excelled by no other army officer in the country. When this year's class graduates, there will be five hundred officers in the United States Army that he has trained personally.

Colonel Wysor had very positive ideas about America's entering the present war. He knew that eventually we would fight, but of course he had no idea how or when. On that Sunday afternoon when our radios began to ring with the repercussions of the bombing at Pearl Harbor, he accepted the inevitable. "That night," he said, "I resolved that if it were the last thing I did, I would start in on our boys at Maryland and prepare them for whatever the war might bring them."

In order to meet the needs of the country for defense, the Army program at the University has been added to and accelerated. Disciplinary training, twenty-four hour guard duty, bayonet training, combat firing, and physical training have been added to the normal load. The guard duty is intended to give

(Please turn to page 36)



UP FROM

(In three previous installments, in the Culture Corner, Bill Gottlieb has written about the aesthetics of jazz music, the difference between righteous jazz and popular music, the position of jazz in art, and jazz and its racial foundations. In this issue he sketches the history of this vigorous American musical form and lists some of its great exponents.

Gottlieb is a graduate student at Maryland and an instructor in economics. He has one of the largest collections of pure jazz records in the country and is recognized even among musicdom's big names as an outstanding jazz authority. For the past three years he has been writing a weekly column, "Swing Ses-

sions," in the Washington Post, and for two years has been presenting swing programs over WRC and WINX.—Editor)



Benny Goodman, one of the towering figures of the modern era of jazz

FIRST LET ME REMIND YOU that this entire series is concerned with jazz as previously defined, not with the Stephen Foster-George Gershwin brand of "popular," Tin Pan Alley music. And second, let me dispel from your minds the thought that jazz began in 1925 with Paul Whiteman or in 1935 with Benny Goodman. Like the proverbial rose that smells sweetly through all its pseudonyms, the beauty that is jazz has been with us a long, long time, under one name or other. It has a full-blown history dating way back. It has its schools, its trend, its founders and disciples. It is, you see, as pompous as the other arts.

Where to begin . . . ? In studying economic history, it is possible to go to prehistoric periods to learn of early economic thought and practice. But to examine the *science* of economics—a crystalized, deliberately organized system of business—scholars traditionally go back no farther than modern times when the 18th century Physiocrats first wrote. Similarly, in tracing jazz, you can go back to aboriginal Africans chanting in the jungles five thousand years ago. But to study jazz in essentially the form in which we now know it, it is necessary to consider only the period since the Civil War.

Jazz had its origins in the southern Negro. But since modern jazz is a relatively sophisticated music, it could not develop into the form we now know until the Southern Negro became urbanized. There was no

NEW ORLEANS

A history of the vigorous American jazz movement—from its spawning in New Orleans to its present day form.



BY BILL GOTTLIEB

urban Negro population in the South until after emancipation. Thus, we must go to the period following the Civil War to pick up the beginnings of this indigenous music.

New Orleans, queen of the South, was quite logically the metropolis for the freed slaves. It was here that the spirituals, the work songs, the blues and the ballads moved in from the cotton fields to mix with the dance music and marches of the white man and produce what was eventually to be called jazz and swing. Also in New Orleans at that time were remnants of pure African music. "Jazzmen," the most scholarly book on this early period of the music, describes the "Congo Dances" that were held in New Orleans until two decades after the Civil War:

"That the Negroes had not forgotten their dances, even after years of repression and exile from their native Africa, is attested by descriptive accounts of the times. Gaily dressed in their finest, many of the men with anklets of jingles, the Negroes rallied at the first roll of their bamboulas, large tom-toms constructed from casks covered with cowhide and beaten with two long beef bones. Galvanized by the steady, hypnotic rumble of the drums, the frenzied crowd was transported to Guinea, their traditional homeland. The men, prancing, stomping and shouting, 'Dancez Bamboula! Badoum! Badoum!' weaved around the women, who, swaying as their bare feet massage the earth, intoned age-old chants . . ."

And incidentally, in case you have doubts of the African foundations of jazz, you need do no more than listen to the music of deep African tribes as recorded for Victor by Laura Boulton. Or, even better, listen to the General records recently made by de-

scendants of African slaves who escaped into the back hills of Haiti where the people still live. And the great similarity between jazz and authentic congas, sambas and rhumbas of Latin America can be traced to the fact that it was Negro slaves who established all of this music, whether in North, Central, or South America. It is also worth noting that the Latin forms in addition to having common roots with jazz, played an important part in the development of this American music. New Orleans, a "Spanish" city, was rich with Latin American influences. Old New Orleans pioneers like pianist Jelly Roll Morton, whom I have often heard, continually used conga and even tango figures in their music.

BEFORE THE SPANISH AMERICAN WAR in the late 1800's, jazz was sufficiently developed in New Orleans to have—at least among the Negro population—"name bands," famed soloists and other of the trappings of today. Perhaps the greatest leader and soloist before the turn of the century was trumpet-man Buddy Bolden—King Bolden to the citizenry of New Orleans's Harlem. The function of these early bands was somewhat different from that of today. Although they played for dances at white homes and at large colored functions, they also played at funerals, political rallies, parades and brothels, of which New Orleans had more than its share. The considerable amount of march music they had to play is reflected in the 2-4 march beat that we now associate with Dixieland music. (Listen to most any record of "High Society" or to any of the Dixieland sides by Bob Crosby's orchestra.)

(Continued on next page)



Louis Armstrong, whom the author
calls the greatest soloist
in jazz history

Since the Negro hidden deep in New Orleans had as little contact with conventional culture as was possible in a city so large, the music he developed had a personality of its own. Unlike the other popular music in this country, jazz was little indebted to formal European music. It was a self-taught affair with home made rules and a strong element of rhythm. The heart of its spirit was spontaneity, improvisation, ad-libbing. In this respect, it resembled East Indian music. In fact, almost all the world's music, excepting the European, lays great stress on improvisation and the musician's individual personality. The collective improvisation that evolved and which still exists among the New Orleans school of musicians is a wonder to hear—if your ears are trained to listen to it. There can be anywhere up to seven or eight men,

each seemingly inventing his own variations on a theme, yet all coordinating in an amazing display of counterpoint and harmony.

Up until the World War, this music remained close to or in New Orleans. The rest of the country was not yet ready for it, and there was not yet enough economic stimulus to persuade its exponents to leave New Orleans, except for short trips up the Mississippi on the river boats. Versions of this music continually seeped to the North, just as it had ever since Stephen Foster's time. Before the World War, for example, everyone danced to ragtime, an adaptation of this New Orleans music. Its greatest writer was the Negro, Scott Joplin, whose "Maple Leaf Rag" is the classic of this form. And, of course, there were the blues of W. C. Handy, another adaptation of the New Orleans

idiom. Neither of these popularizations, I must remind you, captured the feeling of the true New Orleans music. Closest to the real thing to hit the North before the war was the playing by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band that began its memorable engagement at New York's Reisenweber's Restaurant in December, 1916. Although its influence was considerable, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band antedated the main northward movement of jazz by many years and must be considered an incidental phenomenon in any study of the historical development of the music.

I remind you that jazz originated in New Orleans simply because it was the metropolis, the business center of the southern Negro. In the same vein, then, what was the reason jazz finally spread out from New Orleans when it did and in the direction it did? Simply this: After the World War, the country was swept by a wave of morality and idealism that resulted in such things as prohibition, disarmament and the League of Nations. Another result was the closing of the red-light districts in all the cities. New Orleans probably had more houses of prostitution than any other place in the country. The red-light district constituted a whole section of the town, a part known as Storeyville. By this time, most of the musicians were employed in the various dives—famous places like Lulu White's Mahogany Hall and cheap, two-bit honkey tonks. In a flash, all of Storeyville was closed and boarded up. All the musicians found themselves out of work. There weren't enough other jobs in town to go around. The whites would have little to do with Negroes, with jazz or with denizens of Storeyville, especially when all three were combined. To earn a living, the musicians had to leave town.

The best place to go would have

been New York, amusement center of the country and a place receptive to jazz, as was shown by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. But more than counteracting this economic incentive was that of expense of transportation. It was cheaper to head for Chicago by way of the riverboats. The men could pay their way north by playing on the boats. Thanks to the closing of Storeyville and the presence of the Mississippi, the center of jazz left New Orleans and was transplanted in Chicago.

The expansion was a gradual one, of course. Cities like St. Louis, Memphis and Kansas City became important jazz centers as the main current inched northward. It is interesting to note that the seeds sown on that migration through the Mississippi towns is still accounting for much of our jazz in this, the next generation. Kansas City has probably produced more top jazz bands in the past ten years than any other one city, except New York. Count Basie, Andy Kirk, Hot Lips Page, and Harlan Leonard are some of the recent K.C. contributions.

AS JAZZ MOVED UP THE RIVER, it began to change, partly because of the increasing influence of northern white musicians and partly because of the rise of spectacular instrumentalists who made solos dominant, rather than the collective improvisation typical of New Orleans music. The relaxed 2-4 beat began to give way to the more intense 4-4 time. The change was most evident in the Negroes themselves. The whites stuck more closely to the original New Orleans style, possibly because they lacked the prodigious technique of individuals like Louis Armstrong, a sensational youngster who had just come up to Chicago at this time at the suggestion of the great trumpet man whose crown he was soon to acquire—King Oliver. This kid trumpeter,

Louis Armstrong, proved to be no flash of brass. He developed to be the greatest soloist in jazz history and the most widely imitated. It can be said that most of the hot soloists today, whether they play piano, saxophone or trombone, or trumpet, are directly or indirectly under the Armstrong influence. Earl Hines, for example, whose "single note" piano playing technique is the most widely copied today, developed this device in his efforts to imitate his one time colleague, Louis Armstrong, whose horn could naturally play but one note at a time and not the full chords possible on a piano. The now almost universal Hines style of hot piano playing is, as a matter of fact, often called the "trumpet style" of piano playing.

One of the first mid-western whites to fall under the influence of the southerners like Armstrong was Bix Beiderbecke who took the rather violent music and tailored it to his own tastes. Many feel the classic, flowing lines of his phrasing puts him only one small notch below the giant, Armstrong. His untimely death, combined with his colorful, artistic temperament and great ability, has made Bix more the human symbol of hot jazz than any other

one person. Novels and essays use him as the model in describing the struggle between jazz as art and "jazz" as entertainment.

UNDER THE JOINT INFLUENCE of the Beiderbecke and Armstrong elements were a bunch of Chicago kids, particularly a crowd that went to Austin High School or hung around there. It was these boys who established what is now called the Chicago School or Style of jazz which was a combination of Beiderbecke, Armstrong, the original New Orleans style and the genius of the boys themselves. There were Dave Tough, Bud Freeman, Frank Teschmaker, Jimmy MacPartland, Muggsy Spanier, Eddie Condon, Jess Stacy and others. With that group, but playing more in the Armstrong or Kansas City vein, was Benny Goodman.

These disciples and near disciples of the Chicago School, plus the expatriated New Orleans men, made Chicago supreme in the hot music world until 1930 and produced what many consider—myself excluded—the Golden Age of jazz.

Concurrent with this Chicago period, jazz was growing independent of the main stream in other parts

(Continued on next page)



"Pardon me Madam but one of us is upside down"

—Sir Brown

of the country. Fletcher Henderson, one of the important figures in this music, made the jump from Chicago to New York well in advance of the rest. The Henderson orchestra became one of the first forces whereby other Chicagoans were gradually pulled to New York. Fletcher began hiring men like Armstrong and bringing them East before the mass exodus from Chicago had begun. Also in New York ahead of the crowd were orchestras from Washington, Baltimore and other southern cities—bands that never were in the current that originated in New Orleans, except in spirit. There were Claude Hopkins, Chick Webb, Jimmy Lunceford and, as far back as 1925, the Duke Ellington orchestra which proved to be the greatest in all jazz.

In the twenties, the term jazz first came into wide usage. In fact, it came into such wide usage that it became meaningless. It was used to describe all popular music, not the stuff that began in New Orleans. Paul Whiteman, "The King of Jazz," played practically no jazz at all in the opinion of almost all critics. What jazz he played was largely superficial, anemic and better off if not undertaken in the first place. At the end of this era, the word "swing" was first used by musicians who were in-the-know to differentiate the good jazz (the New Orleans-Chicago strain) from the other stuff. Now that the word "swing" has in turn become the same meaningless term that jazz once was, "hep" men have reverted to the word "jazz" to describe the real hot music.

THE CHICAGO PERIOD DIED with the depression. Musicians were out of work because of general conditions and because the talkies and radio were displacing most "live" talent. Only the schmaltzy bands, like Guy Lombardo's, seemed able

to thrive in the early thirties. Jazz went underground, so to speak. Hot musicians, if they worked at all, had to go commercial. They compensated for this by getting together after hours with their unemployed brethren and jamming pure, undiluted jazz for hours on end.

By the time economic conditions began to improve, about 1934, most of the hot musicians could be found in New York. In hopes of landing jobs in the lucrative radio industry, which was centered in New York, they somehow managed to make their way to the East often by pawning everything but their instruments. Perhaps the first band to come out in the open with anything like the old time jazz was the Glen Gray orchestra. Gray's music wasn't the best in jazz, but under the circumstances, it deserves all the credit it can get. A bit later, the Dorsey Brothers and Benny Goodman began to click. This new music, despite the new name of "swing," was simply jazz under a title that caught the fancy of the public. What differences exist between the hot music of the twenties and that of the thirties was, beyond the names, simply the evolutionary differences you're bound to find over a period of several years.

The towering figures of this period, which runs to the present, are

Duke Ellington and Benny Goodman. Both have consistently had the greatest bands in the business; both have captured the real jazz idiom. As an arranger and writer, as well as a leader, Ellington has established himself as, in my opinion, the greatest genius in American music. As for Benny, his clarinet, in addition to his work as a leader, has placed him on a par with Armstrong and Beiderbecke among the soloists.

From this point on, the history of jazz is too current and too well known to bear repetition. I might merely predict that the next center of jazz will be Hollywood, where the music world is beginning to congregate more and more. The Hollywood influence is likely to make jazz more elaborate. Perhaps Artie Shaw is pointing the way. There is also the danger that in that environment, jazz might get so far from its original New Orleans spirit as to lose its identity. I hope not.

* * *

Recommended records for this month: Count Basie's "Harvard Blues;" Johnnie Hodges' "Squatty Roo;" Tommy Dorsey's "Winter Weather;" Jimmy Lunceford's "Blues In The Night;" Benny Goodman's "Clarinet A La King;" and the Metronome All-Star sides.

Jokes

"Do you mean to tell me," the judge said, "that you murdered that poor old woman for a paltry three dollars?"

"Well, judge, you know how it is. Three bucks here, three bucks there—it soon mounts up."

•

"Pardon me, Mrs. Astor, but that would never have happened if you hadn't stepped between me and that spittoon."

In These Strident Times

QUIETLY, EVER SO QUIETLY, did she walk. The soft patter of her footsteps, muffled by the ghostly fog from the river, only added to the solitude of the gray night. Turning into a narrow alley, she paused momentarily, then with the swiftness of the nocturnal bat darted into the even darker cavern. Twenty odd paces brought her to the front of a badly battered doorway. Once again she hesitated an instant, then raised her hand to knock—two short, one long.

Slowly the door opened, and the gray night was streaked with a dirty yellow. A mis-shapen, shrunken skull was thrust into the crack.

"Quickly, before the light is noticed."

For one brief moment the yellow band was broadened; then the door closed, and the mist reclaimed all. Inside, the old one's voice was barely audible as he whispered to his new companion.

"Was it necessary that you come tonight? If we are not careful all will be lost."

"But sir," pleaded the girl, "things have happened more rapidly than we planned. Tonight the unexpected occurred, and I must have it. Tomorrow will be too late."

"I understand, child, but all is not as easy as you believe. These things must be arranged and thought out. Once I make a slip, my usefulness to you and the rest is over."

"I know, I know, but can't you see? Tonight I must have it—I must. Oh! please, just this one favor, then, if you wish, never will I ask you another. But tonight—please."

IT WAS EVIDENT that the ancient one was being torn between his emotions and his judgment. Leaving the side of the girl, he nervously began to pace the length of the room. His face reflected the battle which was taking place within him, but it failed to tell which

way his thoughts were progressing. Periodically he would sneak glances at her, but just as quickly he would return his eyes to the floor. After a while, his expression abruptly changed, as though at just that moment his mind had been made up. His back straightened, and he looked full into her face.

"Very well, tonight it will be. But I shall never forgive you if we are discovered."

His sudden decision brought a new flow of life into the girl.

"I'll never forget—never. All that I have is yours—jewels, money, everything that I possess. Come here, let me kiss you."

But the old man declined the offer. He turned and went into a far, shadowy corner of the room. He could be heard moving and shoving things, as if what he sought was carefully hidden beneath stacks of boxes. When he returned, he carried with him a large bundle.

"Here, child, guard it well. If you are discovered with it life will not be easy. Be extremely careful."

"Oh! I will, I will. But now open the door. I must go and tell the others. They are anxiously waiting my return."

Before the door was opened this time, the old man extinguished the light so that the alley would not give evidence. Then the bulky article quickly changed hands. Nothing but space covered the spot where the girl had been standing.

Quietly, ever so quietly, did she walk. In the dark alley, she joined the others.

"She has it," one whispered hoarsely. "Let us see it."

Deliberately she removed the paper wrapping until it stood before them, black and shining—a new rubber tire.

—E. H. NORTH, JR.



GOING BACK TO WILMA

(Continued from page 6)

turned from the window. "Of course, she neglected to say that she was worried because she is extremely fond of her ten room apartment and the little things that go with it."

The psychoanalyst looked at Stuart intently. "You say you're leaving your wife and everyone for good. Why?"

"Ah." Stuart sat down again. The psychoanalyst offered him a cigarette and he took it. When he was putting the burned match into the ash tray on the desk, he glanced at the inter-office communicator. It seemed overly large and unnecessary in any case, since there was no other office. "Because, doctor, I've come to see the world as it really is, and for an intelligent man not to do something about his plight under such circumstances is impossible."

The psychoanalyst smiled sympathetically. "You've been having troubles of some kind, haven't you? Financial?" he prompted.

"Money is the least of my worries, except where it fits into the devilish scheme of things." Stuart blew the smoke from his cigarette out in a cloud that curled over the broad window pane. Suddenly he said, "People think when you die you go to heaven or you go to hell, mostly you go to hell, to suffer for your sins. Maybe they're right—I don't know how you get there." He looked straight at the unsmiling face of the doctor. "I should say *here*. But in whatever life came before this we must have sinned plenty. People don't die and go to hell, *because they're there already*."

The doctor let his breath out slowly. Rising he went to a table at the far side of the room and stood

with his back to Stuart. He came back with two glasses of Scotch.

"I think you need a drink," he said.

Stuart drank the whiskey, then looked at the psychoanalyst narrowly. "Just what in the hell kind of psychoanalyst are you?"

"Aptly spoken." The psychoanalyst smiled. "I already know what your trouble is, Stuart, but I don't believe you've finished. I suppose hell has a devil?"

"Of course. Oh, not the old-fashioned kind with a long tail and horns and a pitchfork, but Lucifer is around somewhere. Times change, and he would be the first to change with them. He's probably a bald-headed business man type with a large office staff to help him—not the free lance he once was."

"An administrative sort of devil, running things on a strict efficiency basis, eh?"

"Exactly. This is no haphazard hell we live in. It's carefully organized so that the maximum of misery and suffering will fall to everyone. That's why I'm going away—to escape as much as it's possible to escape, because the boss of hell—Lucifer if you like—works through people. Every person with whom you come in contact affects your life, and sooner or later adversely. The more people—the more unhappiness."

The doctor laughed and some of the sparkle had returned to his eyes. "Come, Stuart—you know the old theory—a little rain so you'll appreciate the sunshine—valleys now and then so that you'll know when you're on the hilltops."

STUART CRUSHED OUT HIS CIGARETTE angrily. "I'm wasting my

time. Did it ever occur to you and the other sunshine philosophers that the hills are there to make the valleys deeper?"

"Wait, Stuart. I admit sometimes it's rough going. But this idea of yours—and nobody could blame your wife for thinking you're crazy if you told it to her—isn't your trouble. You think you see things as they are and everybody else is being fooled by Lucifer, but is that reasonable? Perhaps you're the one who's seeing things distorted. Things are distorted from the way they used to be, aren't they? You suspect everything and everyone?"

"Naturally."

"Why don't you organize a revolt?"

"I had thought of it. It hardly seems practicable. I imagine *he* has agents. With as many people in the world as there are today, it would be too big a job for one man—even for Lucifer. There are probably men in every community—influential men who see that things are kept running smoothly. They'd never allow a revolt to get very far. These men might be almost anyone. Business men, lawyers—even psychoanalysts," Stuart finished.

"Touche, Mr. Stuart. You suspect even me, the one person who can help you. You look for hidden meanings behind everyone and everything. I imagine you might even suspect that instrument on the desk, since it has no apparent purpose. I saw you staring at it; it was used up until a few weeks ago, when I was in business with a partner and we occupied several offices."

Stuart shrugged. "I imagine he uses every modern convenience to run things efficiently and to keep in touch with his—representatives."

The psychoanalyst put his arm on Stuart's shoulder. "Now we've had enough of this interesting dis-

cussion, and I will tell you your case is not uncommon, though it seems worse than most. This whole idea of yours is an escape mechanism. Your wife is your trouble. You love your wife, don't you?"

"Of course not."

"Ah, I see that I'm right. For a number of months now she has not only neglected you dreadfully but she has been seeing a lot of another man, by the name of Courtney, I believe."

Stuart's face flushed angrily. "How the devil do you—?"

The doctor silenced him with a gesture. "You started brooding. In this unhealthy state your mind drifted into dark and dangerous channels and you evolved this bitter, distorted picture of the world. I happen to know that your wife is very devoted, but that some time ago you seemed to lose interest in her and—"

"That's not true. I was spending the time on a project to make more money so that Wilma wouldn't have to do without the luxuries to which over the course of years she has become so accustomed."

The psychoanalyst spread his hands. "Even I have troubles understanding them, but you know how women are. Whatever your reason for neglecting her, your wife didn't like it. So she started seeing a lot of Courtney. She hadn't anticipated your reaction. I suppose your wife loves *you*, Mr. Stuart."

Stuart laughed shakily. "You're the one who's crazy, after all."

"It's breaking a confidence to tell you this, but your wife is a good friend of my wife; your wife told my wife the whole story, and my wife told me. She said Wilma cried when she told her."

"If you were the devil, this is exactly what you'd say, isn't it?"

You'd want me to go back."

"Do I look like the devil?" The psychoanalyst smiled with his clear blue eyes, but he seemed tired and less talkative. "Today is your wedding anniversary, Mr. Stuart."

Stuart nodded without looking at the psychoanalyst. "I thought that by going away I could be fairly happy, away from people, I'd forget in time. Away from any contacts with other people I would be as safe from Lucifer as anyone could ever be."

"You would never get away from your thoughts." The doctor glanced at his watch. "I'm sorry, I have a very important appointment."

Stuart rose, and taking his hat from the table moved toward the door.

"Say hello to Lucifer."

The psychoanalyst grinned. "Just to prove that I'm not the devil, but instead very human, where shall I



—Wisconsin Octopus

send my bill?"

Stuart sighed. "Send it to my home. Good day, doctor."

FROM THE DOORWAY the psychoanalyst watched Stuart walk to the elevator and press the button. In a minute he saw Stuart step forward and then disappear as the door slid shut in front of him. From down the hall he could hear the whir as the elevator slid down to the dark angular chasms of the city far below.

Returning to his desk, the psychoanalyst flicked the button on the inter-office communicator, and in a moment a metallic voice said: "Central office."

"Let me speak to the boss, please."

A voice deep and superficially humorous, even through the metallic speaker, said, "That you, J. C.? Finished the assignment?"

"Finished. He's going back to Wilma."

"Good. Good. Tough nut to crack, I imagine."

"Extraordinary. He had a very clear picture of things. Thank goodness, he hadn't thought of suicide. Wanted to go off and be a hermit—that would have been bad enough. By the way, he says hello."

"It's getting harder all the time to keep check on them all," the

voice complained. "But I knew you'd come through. Good old J. C. Never miss, do you? Well, we've got another one who might be even tougher. You'd better come here to look over the personal history—and drop in for a little chat."

"Fine. Just one thing—to be sure about Stuart, have one of the men see that his wife is home tonight. Drag her away from Courtney just this once."

"Sure. I'll arrange it right away. See you soon, J. C."

The psychoanalyst switched off the communicator, put the few papers on his desk in order, and went to the window. For a moment as he stared at the city sprawling in the shadows far below, his hands twitched with the mighty pulse of the strings that led to each of the lives down there. His shoulders sagged a little in weariness and his face seemed suddenly grave.

He left the room through the window that reached nearly to the floor. For a minute he stood apparently in the sky, then he took a step forward.

He smiled faintly. "This is one of the modern conveniences he didn't think of," he said reflectively.

The psychoanalyst disappeared as though a door had slid shut in front of him. Far above the incessant hum of the city a faint whir rose like the breath of the afternoon wind and then died.

MEN ON THE HILL

(Continued from page 12)

in on a girl at a dance, they greet her with an intimate squeeze and whisper in her ear, "This song is being played just for us." Their girls are always beautiful, no matter how dumb and they never date more than one at a time. They are constantly in the process of an intense romance, well-planned and executed, but seldom lasting. It is always a question of whether they will run out of campus beauty queens before a new crop is elected.

Some of them smoke pipes so that they will look dreamy-eyed.

Good boys.

And finally there is the dormitory fellow, and what will he think of next? These fellows have themselves organized into all sorts of dandy little teams. Every day something exciting is happening; the Blue Bombers challenge the Red Rockets to squash, or Section Z plays Section D3, floor J.

They have terrific fighting spirit. Loyalty to their dorm and team is put above everything else, and they think nothing of getting their heads beaten to a bloody pulp in defend-

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"Aha!—and I've warned him about wolfing his food."

—Sir Brown

ing the honor of their section.

At meal times, they forget all factionalism and go over to the dining hall in a body. They put their arms over one another's shoulders and sing patriotic songs as they march over. Their favorite is "Remember Pearl Harbor."

Most of the dorm boys wear R.O.T.C. uniforms all week long. This is because their laundry cases are so full of their mothers' good homecooking that there is never any room for clean clothes. In later life

many of them develop stomach ulcers from the abundance of roughage in the dining hall diet.

Sex is an enigma to these fellows. They seem to prefer to spend their time with the good old fellows rather than any old girl.

Their greatest kicks come on Saturday night. Then they move the furniture out of the other fellows' rooms and nobody can tell whose chair is whose and it's a hell of a good time. On the nights of big dances, they watch at their window

for people on the way to the armory after parking on the parking lot. Then they pelt them with water bags and after soaking a new evening dress they roll over and over on the floor, beating themselves with laughter.

The closest they ever come to girls is when they lean out of the dorm window and yell things to passing coeds. Things like "I know somebody who likes youuuuuu."

There are more fellows on the hill than enough.

MARRIAGE PROPOSAL

(Continued from page 9)

they had held hands in the movies. But Everett had found that that had made his hands perspire, and he had constantly found it necessary to disengage his hand in order to blow on the palm to dry the perspiration. Finally he had concluded that it was just too much trouble, and after that they hadn't even held hands.

There were a few times when it had occurred to Everett that some day he might marry Anne—after he had become a Success, of course. He realized that she was as close as he would ever come to finding a girl he wanted to marry. She was just about perfect. But then he would argue with himself and reason it out. What was there to gain by marrying her? What would that accomplish? They were as happy as they could possibly be. They were perfect companions. Nothing could be changed by marriage.

It might very logically be asked just what Anne's attitude was toward all this. Why was she content to let Everett monopolize her time when she knew almost for certain that he never would ask her to marry him? Especially when it is considered that she had many proposals before she met Everett and was still being bombarded with requests for dates. The only answer had to be that she loved him.

For behind her shell of intellectualism, Anne was a very normal girl. She didn't love Everett just because he liked Plato. Very often something inside her just ached to have him grab her in his arms and kiss her. She loved the way his blond hair stood up in its crew cut, and she loved his icy blue eyes and the lean jut of his jaw. And the way his face always shone as though

he had just been scrubbing it. That must have been the reason why she was willing to wait, even though she became increasingly sure that he never would ask her to marry him.

WHEN THEY HAD BEEN GOING together for about two years, matters were coming to a Head. Everett was 25 then and had been with the advertising agency almost five years. And Anne was 23. People were beginning to talk. Everett's friends kept telling him that he wasn't being fair to Anne—that he had to make a decision. And Anne's friends continually urged her to stop going with Everett. They thought that she would never get married. She was just wasting her time—people her age didn't have Platonic relationships, they told her.

Everett realized that he had a problem to solve, a decision to make, and he thought about it for a good many days. It was solved for him a good deal more easily than he had figured. One day the President of the Company called him into his office.

"You like it here, don't you, Everett?" asked the President.

"Yes, sir," said Everett.

"We like your work, boy. We expect big things from you some day. I'm going to make a little change around here. From now on, I'm going to have you in the office here with me. You're going to be sort of a private secretary. That's the best way in the world to learn the business. And some day we want you to really know this business." The President smiled meaningly.

Everett was going to be a Success. He knew it now. His work had

been noticed. He was going up. This, of course, would mean a lot more work to do. He knew now he could make his decision. He would simply stop going with Anne. That was the only thing to do, because he knew that he would never marry her, and he didn't want her to take up his time. He'd have to spend a lot more time at the office now.

So he worked out a logical little speech, met Anne for dinner one night, and recited it. The gist of it was that she was a wonderful girl and that he enjoyed her company, but that he was going to be busier now and he would have to stop seeing her. "It's too darn bad we weren't brother and sister, Anne," he told her.

Anne Fought Back The Tears, and Everett took her home, and that should have been that. But it wasn't.

THERE WAS ABSOLUTELY no reason to figure that things would happen as they did. There was no sense to it. Because up to this point Everett had never kissed a girl in his life, fantastic as it may sound. And when you're 25 years old with a background such as that, things just don't happen like what happened to Everett.

Everett's office building was right in the center of the downtown district, and naturally enough such a location abounded in Women of the Street. One of this group had had a crush on Everett for two years. Every time that he had worked at night, he had always seen her when he left the building. She invariably smiled at him and tried to start a conversation. She really wasn't at all unattractive. She was very young, and behind the smear of her makeup she might have been very pretty. And she was very well built.

Everett knew the type of girl that she was and ignored her. When she smiled and spoke to him, he just set his lean jaw and stared straight

(Continued on next page)

COUNTERPOINT

Splendid bargain — Slightly used tombstone for sale. Swell buy for family named Duffy.

•

Mother: Mabel, get off that young man's knee.

Mabel: Like hell I will I got here first.

•

Senior (gloatingly to underclassman): "What're you going to do this summer vacation — go to a movie?"

TRIPLE TRACK TRIUMPH

(Continued from page 15)

off the world's record set by Georgetown in 1925.

Maryland was on the track map now for fair. The people who had thought the first day's victory was a flash in the pan sat back and watched the newsreel cameras grind away. Maryland had scored a triple victory.

Three huge bronze plaques, three silver trophies, twelve gold wrist watches, one proud coach, and six happy boys boarded the train for College Park that night. It seemed like a long time ago that they had run together in the State high school track meet.

Today those six boys are still pulling together—this time for the United States. Alan Miller and Mason Chronister are with the Marines fighting in the Far East. Gene Ochsenreiter has enlisted in the United States Army Air Corps at

Maxwell Field, Alabama. Jim Kehoe is at Officers' Training School at Fort Benning, Georgia. Tommy Fields and Bob Condon, senior R.O.T.C. officers, are awaiting their commissions as second lieutenants in the Army. They are spread out all over the world now, but when they look at their watches during the day they see the same thing—instead of the customary numbers the face of their watches are inscribed with the letters of the word PENNSYLVANIA.

THERE IS NO assurance that three Penn Relay Championships are going to be won, but Maryland's 1942 track team has plenty of good material. Bob Condon recently won the Southern Conference indoor championship in the 880 and he can be counted on for some fine per-

formances in that event. Another veteran, Randall Cronin, was second in the Conference 880, and he too should add quite a few points to Maryland's total.

In the quarter mile, Bob Montgomery appears to be outstanding. Bill Stellhorn is also a capable performer in this event.

Dashmen Lou Chacos, Howard Gugel, and Pat Carolan all look good in the shorter distances. These boys will be aiming at the Southern Conference hundred yard dash record held by former Terp, Joe Murphy.

Stirling Kehoe, brother of the great Jim, is a star in his own right. Although only a sophomore, Stirling was outstanding in cross country this fall and gave a good account of himself in stiff Conference indoor mile competition. At two miles, Stan Kihn, junior harrier, looks very good.

Maryland is unusually strong in the field events this year. Traditionally they have been weak in the field and strong in the running events, but last year's freshman team contributed many outstanding field men. Heckert Horn has done some fine work in both the shot put and discus, and Boots Conrad also is good at putting the shot. Bob James, leaving football and basketball, will hurl the javelin. Carl Englar will be going after Cornelius Warmerdam's new pole vault record.

A loss that is going to be very deeply felt by the track team is that of Duke Alexander. Duke left school on March 1st to join the Marines. Last year he scored consistent wins in the high jump, the broad jump, and the low hurdles. In the high jump, he holds three Conference records — scholastic, freshman, and Varsity.

Nine outdoor meets have been scheduled, and the Terps are getting ready. On April 24th and 25th come the Penn Relays.

THE SECRET LIFE OF JOE TERP

(Continued from page 16)

Terp stood up in the boat. "I'm coming," he shouted to her, and with a beautiful dive he split the ocean's surface without so much as a ripple. With powerful strokes his brawny arms bit into the water and propelled him toward the sinking ship. Up the side of the ship he went, hauling himself hand over hand by means of the anchor chain.

"Mr. Terp, you're wonderful," she said, and her eyes were like dark limpid pools.

"There's no time for that now," said Terp in clipped tones.

With the girl on his back, he poised himself on the rail and then dived fifty feet into the churning sea below. With a few strokes he cleared the danger zone—and just in time, because the ship was sinking fast now. Just as they got clear, it stood up on its bow and for a moment was etched against the sky, poised perpendicular to the water. Then with a gurgling noise it slowly sank. All around it a gigantic maelstrom writhed and sucked and seemed to reach out with human hands to draw everything within its grasp beneath the surface. But Joe Terp and the girl were safely out of its way.

"You're marvelous, Mr. Terp," said the girl from her perch on his back. "I love you, Mr. Terp—I have ever since we left New York harbor.

"Terp — Terp, Joseph Terp! What's the matter, Terp, can't you hear?"

"Yes, darling, I hear, and I love you too," said Terp.

A roar of laughter went up from the class. The professor tapped his

pencil on the desk thoughtfully. "Don't you feel very well this morning, Mr. Terp?" he asked.

Joe focused his eyes on the book before him. The girl in the seat next to him was looking at him and giggling and talking to the boy behind her. "Yes, teacher darling, and I love you too," he mimicked, and she giggled some more.

"I'm sorry, sir, said Joe. "I was thinking of something else. What was the question you asked me?"

"I asked, Mr. Terp, if you knew of any important commodities besides tires that were being curtailed because of the war emergency."

"Oh, yes sir," said Terp. "Let me see—aluminum is, and golf balls. Yes sir, golf balls are being curtailed. It's almost impossible to get golf balls any more."

"That's right, Mr. Terp. Now please see if you can't pay a little better attention. Does anyone else know of anything that is being curtailed? How about you, Krailowsky? You're a football man. Is there anything in connection with football that is being curtailed?"

HE LOOKED AT THE CLOCK. Three minutes. Maryland's stands were silent.

"Time out," he told the referee. The whistle shrieked. "Time out Maryland," said the referee. The team sprawled on the ground around Terp. He was silent for a while, sizing up the situation. Maryland's ball on its own twenty-five, third down and five, three minutes to go. Georgetown leading 12-7. He decided to use psychology on

the team. Five seconds before the time out period was over he looked them in the eye. "You guys aren't yellow, are you?" Their eyes fell. Still he looked at them sternly. He repeated it. "You guys aren't yellow, are you?"

Growling and snarling, they sprang from the ground and snapped to their positions. Terp crouched. He didn't like to call his own number, but he had to this time. "3-13-23," he barked. The ball came at him; he grabbed it and started around right end. The inspired players blocked like demons. He sifted past Georgetown's end, stiff-armed Blozis and cut back for the left sideline.

His cleats pounded on the hard turf, carrying him closer to the safety man. The safety was crouching low, jockeying toward him. Terp's brain raced. Two feet from the safety man's outstretched arms he gave a mighty spring and soared into the air over his head. He trotted the few remaining yards to the goal line.

Maryland's stands were bedlam. The team clustered around him. He smacked the left halfback on the shoulder. "Nice block old man," he said graciously.

"Ouch," screamed the girl on his right, gently caressing her shoulder. She looked Terp in the eye. "Are you *really* crazy?" she said.

The professor was scowling at Terp. "Is it possible, Mr. Terp," he said, "that things with you are not all they might be? Is there any earthly excuse for your smacking Miss Webb on the back and yelling 'Nice block, old man'?"

"No, sir. I'm very sorry, and I beg Miss Webb's pardon. I was thinking about something else and I forgot myself."

"Well please, Mr. Terp, don't let it happen again. It really is inexcusable. You're in college now, and it's very difficult for an instructor to

conduct his class with such things as that going on."

"Yes, sir," said Terp.

"And now," continued the professor, "I would like to know what Miss Hanson knows about..."

Joe looked idly out the window. Down on the drill field he could hear the R.O.T.C. officers barking their commands. Overhead a plane

roared, flying low, close to the campus.

THIS IS A DANGEROUS MISSION, Lieutenant Terp, a very dangerous mission. That's why we called for volunteers." The colonel stepped back and gripped his hand. "Good luck, my boy. Britain is thankful for Americans like you in the

R.A.F."

Terp climbed into the cockpit and adjusted his helmet. It was still dark, and he could barely make out the bulky lines of the colonel's body. He smiled a little and waved his hand. Faithful old Sergeant McDonigle was spinning the prop. "Contact," screamed Terp. The motor roared.

High above the channel he flew, keeping the nose of his big bomber headed straight for Berlin. It was greying a little in the east now.

Soon his instruments and chart told him that he was over German territory. He had to hurry. It would be light soon. Monotonously the plane droned on.

When his chart said ten miles from Berlin, he saw them. Six dots on the eastern horizon, flying a little above him. He increased his speed and looked to his bomb-releasing mechanism. Now the dots were getting bigger. The chart told him he was four miles from Berlin. The dots became planes, and he saw that they had gotten around to the right a little and were now between him and the city. They had seen him and were going to intercept him. In the east the sun was trying to rise.

He could see the planes clearly now. They were part of Hitler's special air circus — Hitler's Horrible Henchmen, they were called. Three big H's were painted on their wings. The buildings of the city loomed up before him. He lost altitude and tried to slide in under the Henchmen. He released three bombs and watched them demolish a munitions factory. He grinned. Now for Mr. Hitler.

Beneath him was the Reichstag building where Hitler was making his speech. "Blow up that building, boy," the old colonel had said. He could remember the worried look in his eye. "Don't worry, sir," he had said with quiet confidence.

(Please turn to page 37)



"Please, Witkowski, scientific terms only!"

--Sir Brown

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MANAGER OF OFFICER PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 19)

the boys an appreciation of what the poor buck private has to go through. Next year the physical training will include mass calisthenics.

The Colonel thinks it improbable that the administration will telescope college training down to less than two and two-third years. When we talked to him he said that the one big improvement which he would like to see is the building of the new armory. He feels that without it there are not sufficient class room facilities and that with it the R.O.T.C. training would be improved fifty percent. His wish for work to begin on the armory has evidently been fulfilled, because a few days after we talked to him, the announcement was made that priorities had been lifted and the armory would be started.

COLONEL WYSOR FEELS THAT the Maryland R.O.T.C. students have responded very well to the accelerated program. He said, "The boys have reached the point where they carry out orders without a moment's hesitation. They are enthusiastic, resourceful and thorough. Even though they may be placed in charge of men older than themselves, if they are well trained in the essentials of leadership, if they know their subject and make the *men* know that they know it, they should have no trouble."

He also feels that morale is very high at Maryland. "Morale," he said, "is nothing tangible. All this talk about creating good morale is foolish. We do not need parties every night to give us morale. The students on the Maryland campus already have it. And if they didn't, no lecture course could give it to them."

The Colonel's work at Maryland is nearly over. Soon he will be taking an active part in the war. On March 1st, his son was sent on active duty. "I told Bob," he smiled, "that if he is sent to Australia, I'll go to Norway and we'll meet in Berlin."

In losing Colonel Wysor, the University loses an able leader and an enthusiastic teacher. The place he has made for himself will be difficult to fill.

His only regret is that he cannot pass on his wealth of experience to youth. But realizing that everyone must eventually learn for himself, he gives to the young men and women of Maryland his advice as to how to go through the experiences which this second World War is sure to bring. "Find ways and means to keep yourselves busy, and when the time comes when your services are needed, go out and do a good job."

POLYPHONY

"What's all the hurry?"

"I just bought a text-book and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out."

•

A member of a Psych class on tour asked an inmate his name.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"But," said the perplexed lad, "last time we were here you were Abraham Lincoln."

"That," said the inmate sadly, "was by my first wife."

Teacher: "And now, Willie, can you give us a sentence with the word 'heterodoxolgy' in it.

Little Willie: "No."

•

"Who's there?" cried the hotel guest.

"A telegram, boss," responded a Negro's voice.

"Well, you can shove it under the door, can't you, without waking me up so early?"

"No, suh," the darkey answered, "it's on a tray."

Soph: "What's your greatest ambition?"

Frosh: "To die a year sooner than you."

Soph: "What's the reason for that?"

Frosh: "So I'll be a sophomore in hell when you get there."

•

She's this!
the like
kind at
of look
a you
girl

THE SECRET LIFE OF JOE TERP

(Continued from page 35)

The Henchmen were coming straight for him now, machine guns blazing. He let two bombs go. Direct hits! He saw the Reichstag building go high into the air. "How about *that*, Adolph?" he said exuberantly. Two of the Henchmen were above him. He opened fire with his machine guns. One of them clutched his throat, and his plane started to plummet earthward. Terp

trained his guns on the second one. Ah-a-a-a-a went the machine gun with a staccato sound.

"Really, Mr. Terp," the professor was saying, "don't you think you've carried this a little too far? I can stand a few things, but when you interrupt the class by pointing your finger at *me* and making rat-a-tat-tatata-tat noises, I'm afraid that the

time has come to do something about it. Please see me after class, Mr. Terp. We have a visit to pay the Dean."

The class was screaming with laughter. "Nice block, old man," the boy behind him said, clapping him on the shoulder.

The bell was ringing now. The period was over.

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